

Life

RADIO NUMBER



MAY 21, 1925

"Yeh! The radio set you sold—no!
it don't work."

PRICE 15 CENTS



Silvertown Cord. The advanced and logical betterment of the pioneer cord tire of America.

Silvertown Bus and Commercial. A rugged, pneumatic tire, made expressly for commercial car and bus service.

Silvertown Balloon. The perfected low-air-pressure tire, a product of Goodrich knowledge and research.

3 Silvertowns

To provide a tire of highest quality to serve the broad field of motor transportation, Goodrich manufactures three Silvertowns: Balloon Cords—Standard Cords—and Heavy Duty Cords.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

In Canada: THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY, Limited, Toronto

Goodrich SILVERTOWNS

None But Chrysler Six Is Delivering These Results

The real reason for the remarkable sales record being made by the Chrysler Six is the widespread recognition that it is a distinct departure from ordinary motor car practice and performance.

Adhering strictly to the soundest principles of design, Chrysler engineers have applied these principles in a manner just as revolutionary as the application of steam to ocean-going ships.

Chrysler performance conclusively proves that the creation of the Chrysler Six accomplished an all-important evolution.

For the Chrysler Six is as different as the



compact, visible-writing, modern typewriter is different from the clumsy writing-machine of Centennial Exposition days.

The Chrysler is the culmination of all past experience in designing and building cars.

The vibrationless power of the Chrysler Six is a forward step in motor smoothness and efficiency as important as the over-lapping power stroke of the six in contrast to the old two-cylinder-opposed engine.

There is nothing radical about the Chrysler Six except the amazing results of its engineering.

There is nothing sensational about it except the extraordinary new standards estab-

lished by its performance.

For example, with gasoline economy safely over 20 miles per gallon, it combines a speed of over 70 miles an hour.

With a touring car weight, ready for the road, of 2875 pounds, the Chrysler Six can be driven in comfort at 60 miles and upwards over rutted roads and cobbled streets.

Its Chrome-Molybdenum tubular front axle and pivotal steering, with ball thrust bearing king pins, make the Chrysler as easy to handle at speeds of 60 to 65 as at 30 to 35. Chrysler-Lockheed self-equalizing hydraulic

four-wheel brakes give perfect control at all speeds. A new type of spring mounting, with rear springs mounted close to the hubs and parallel to the wheels, makes it possible to drive the Chrysler around turns at 50 miles an hour. Side-sway and road-weaving are eliminated.

The Chrysler Six accommodates itself easily to the ordinary city parking space. Yet it affords liberal room for five large adults.

The Chrysler goes to new lengths in low center of gravity and perfect weight distribution. The result is a

road steadiness not found even in two-ton cars of previous design.

Only by seeing and testing the Chrysler Six can you fully appreciate its beauty of appearance, and its unprecedented performance abilities.

We invite you to study at first hand the supreme quality of Chrysler workmanship and materials, and the new standards of performance established by its scientific design and engineering. You will find every Chrysler dealer eager to prove Chrysler superiorities in a demonstration ride.

The Touring Car, \$1395; The Phaeton, \$1495; The Roadster, \$1625; The Sedan, \$1825; The Royal Coupe, \$1895; The Brougham, \$1965; The Imperial, \$2065; The Crown-Imperial, \$2195. All prices f.o.b. Detroit subject to current government tax. Bodies by Fisher on all Chrysler Six enclosed models. All models equipped with special design six-ply, high-speed balloon tires. There are Chrysler dealers and superior Chrysler service everywhere. All dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

CHRYSLER MOTOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of Maxwell Motor Corporation
MAXWELL-CHRYSLER MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONT.

CHRYSLER SIX

FACTS ABOUT A FAMOUS FAMILY



General Motors has distributors and dealers in all the countries included in the shaded portions of the map.

Sold in 126 countries —used in all

General Motors combines in one family many large companies building automobiles and accessories. This makes it possible for General Motors to handle the foreign trade of all of them efficiently and at minimum expense.

So you will find General Motors distributors and dealers in 126 countries—and General Motors products used in all.

This important item in foreign trade is valuable to the economic life of the nation; and *to you*, as a car owner, since it helps to maintain the large production on which low prices are based.

GENERAL MOTORS

BUICK • CADILLAC • CHEVROLET • OAKLAND
OLDSMOBILE • GMC TRUCKS

General Motors cars, trucks and Delco-Light products may be purchased on the GMAC Payment Plan. Insurance service furnished by General Exchange Corporation.

Tea Tattle

"It is every mother's hope that in a few years she will be old enough for her daughter to take around.

"The greatest menace to family life to-day is the inability of husband and wife to agree about how gin should be made.

"If a woman with her ancestry did cast pearls before swine, my dear, you may be certain they were Oriental pearls and pedigreed swine.

"Women who sigh to be understood really need nothing more vital than a more becoming shade of rouge.

"The manner in which a person is rude is the true test of good breeding.

"Reluctance is woman's best weapon. If Salome had danced the first time Herod asked her, most likely he would have dozed off during her performance.

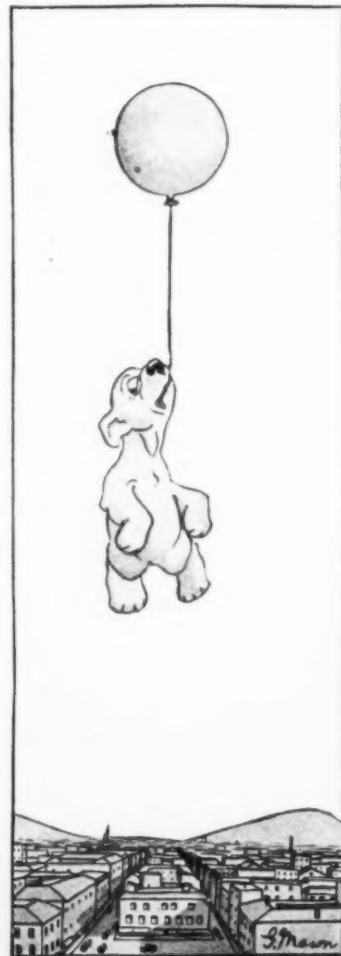
"There's no good asking what the world's coming to, because by the time some one answers it has moved on.

"Hoping is a waste of time, my dear, unless matters are hopeless."

J. K. M.

Statistic

If all the serial stories were placed end to end in this world, they would have to be continued in the next.



"CONFOUND THAT FELLOW WHO MADE ME HOLD THIS THING!"

Do you get your money's worth when you travel?

One thing about which we never have a complaint in these hotels any more is our room-rates.

We haven't a room, you see, that hasn't its own private bath, circulating ice water, a full-length mirror, a bed-head reading lamp, plenty of conveniences that add to your comfort. And our rooms, our houses as a whole, are kept in new condition—clean, bright, attractive.

Yet our rates are unusually low, compared with those of other first-class hotels.

We put a morning paper under your door—but it never shows up in your bill. Merchandise at our news and cigar-stands is sold at the same prices street-stores charge. We protect you against tip-extraction, for unrequested service, in our public rooms and washrooms.

But we don't overcharge you someplace else—and thus risk losing the good-will those policies win for us.

We give you a pleasant room, well-lighted, well-kept, comfortably furnished, with chairs you can rest in and beds that better your sleep.

You'll agree, though, that our rates give you bargains. You can get, for instance, a twin-bed room for \$5.50 (that's two people, \$2.75 each) in our western cities, from \$6.50 in Buffalo, and from \$7 in New York. Think of what rooms and suites, so reasonably priced, mean to you on an auto tour. Single rates are from \$3 in Cleveland, Detroit, St. Louis; from \$3.50 in Buffalo, from \$4 in New York.

And service? Statler service is rendered by well-built, well-seasoned organizations that operate under the broadest policies of guest-satisfaction known to the hotel world. And if some little thing



does happen to go wrong, in this humanly-rendered service, we're right there to make it satisfactory to you in any way we can.

You can be sure of getting your money's worth, and something more, in these hotels.

Emory

Boston finally gets a Hotel Statler.
Construction is now under way.
1300 Rooms—1300 Baths

Buffalo—and Niagara

The newest Hotel Statler (1100 rooms, 1100 baths) is in Buffalo—delightfully situated on Niagara Square. Across the street from it is the new Statler Garage, a marvel of convenience throughout—and especially appreciated by tourists visiting NIAGARA FALLS, which is but 20 miles away.

The old Hotel Statler in Buffalo is now called HOTEL BUFFALO.

STATLER

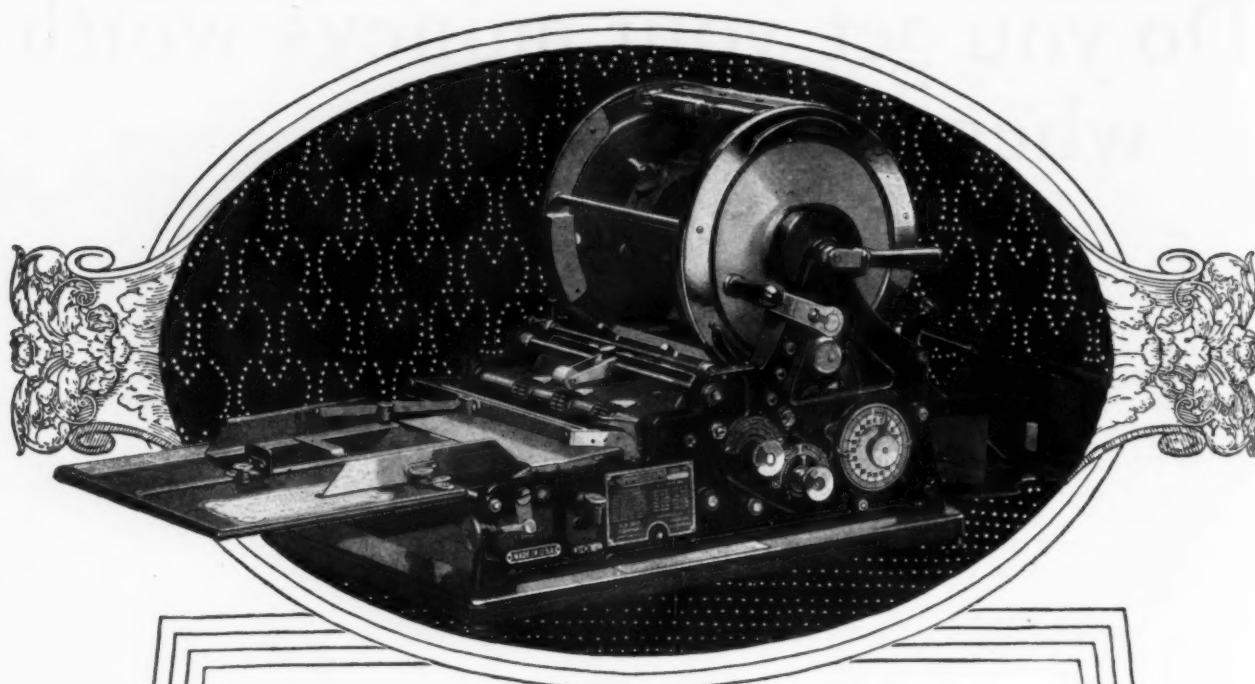
Buffalo~Cleveland~Detroit~St. Louis

HOTELS

Hotel Pennsylvania New York

The largest hotel in the world—with 2200 rooms, 2200 baths. On Seventh Avenue, 32d to 33d Streets, directly opposite the Pennsylvania Railway Station. A Statler-operated hotel, with all the comforts and conveniences of other Statlers, and with the same policies of courteous, intelligent and helpful service by all employees.

And Statler-Operated Hotel Pennsylvania~New York



BROADCASTING

Many more millions of letters, forms and diagrams are today duplicated on the Mimeograph than ever before. And figures that startle the trained mind would fail to encompass the saving it effects in time, money and human energy. Five hundred typists, racing at top speed, could scarcely keep pace with one machine. It is the world's dependable duplicator.

And now, the new Mimeotype stencil paper, which is used without moistening, has worked remarkable betterments in the fine art of mimeographing—and constitutes a new reason why you should, right now, interest yourself in this money-saving process. Let the A. B. Dick Company, Chicago, send, without cost, booklet "W-5" and information—today.

MIMEOGRAPH





"'S FUNNY, BUT IT GETS SO I CAN'T EAT SATISFIED WIDOUT DE RITZ DINNER MUSIC."
"MM-M-MHMMM."

The Key to Success

(From the Inspirational Speech of Claus J. Pnuh, President of Pnuh, Nuh & Uh, to his employees on the tenth—"Grand Jubilee"—anniversary of the founding of the business.)

LADIES and gentlemen: The other day Vice-President Nuh (*applause*) came to me and asked me what subject I intended to take for my address on this, the tenth anniversary of the founding of dear old Pnuh, Nuh & Uh. (*Song, sung with great enthusiasm: "Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot?"*) I thank you, one and all. This charming display of spirit moves me to comment upon the fact that, after all, we are not so much a business concern—that is, the general run of business concerns—as one great, big happy family.

But let me continue. When Vice-President Nuh (*hand-clapping*) asked me this, I replied at once: "Why, Vice-President Nuh, I had not the slightest idea of being called upon for a speech, but if I should be called upon I had about made up my mind to make a few remarks upon The Key to Success." "You could not have chosen a more suitable nor inspiring topic," he replied. Well, comrades—for the name of Pnuh, Nuh & Uh is synonymous with comradeship—(*Male chorus: "For he's a jolly good fellow."*) Again I thank you. And, as a celebrated comedian once said: "My sister in vaudeville thanks you." (*Laughter.*)

But to get to my subject, my friends. The Key to Success is,

to put it in a word: *Courtesy!* When my father, the late George T. Pnuh (*awed silence*), lay on his deathbed (*another hush*) two years ago, he summoned me to him and said: "Claus, I am leaving my business to you because you have always been a dutiful son to me; because you have always been courteous to me. When I am gone, I leave it to you to carry on the grand old traditions of Pnuh, Nuh & Uh."

And with that word, ladies and gentlemen, I leave you.

Courtesy! That is the message that my father gave to me and that is the message that I shall give to my son, and that is the message that I want all of you to give to your sons. There is no telling to what heights they may rise. I thank you.

(*Momentary confusion at speakers' table. President Pnuh rises again.*)

Our efficient superintendent, Mr. Peabody, has requested me to inform you that we are reluctantly compelled to cancel the customary Saturday half-holiday for the next three months. *Tip Bliss.*

Just Discovered

"**W**HO was that good-looking girl you just spoke to?"

"My sister."

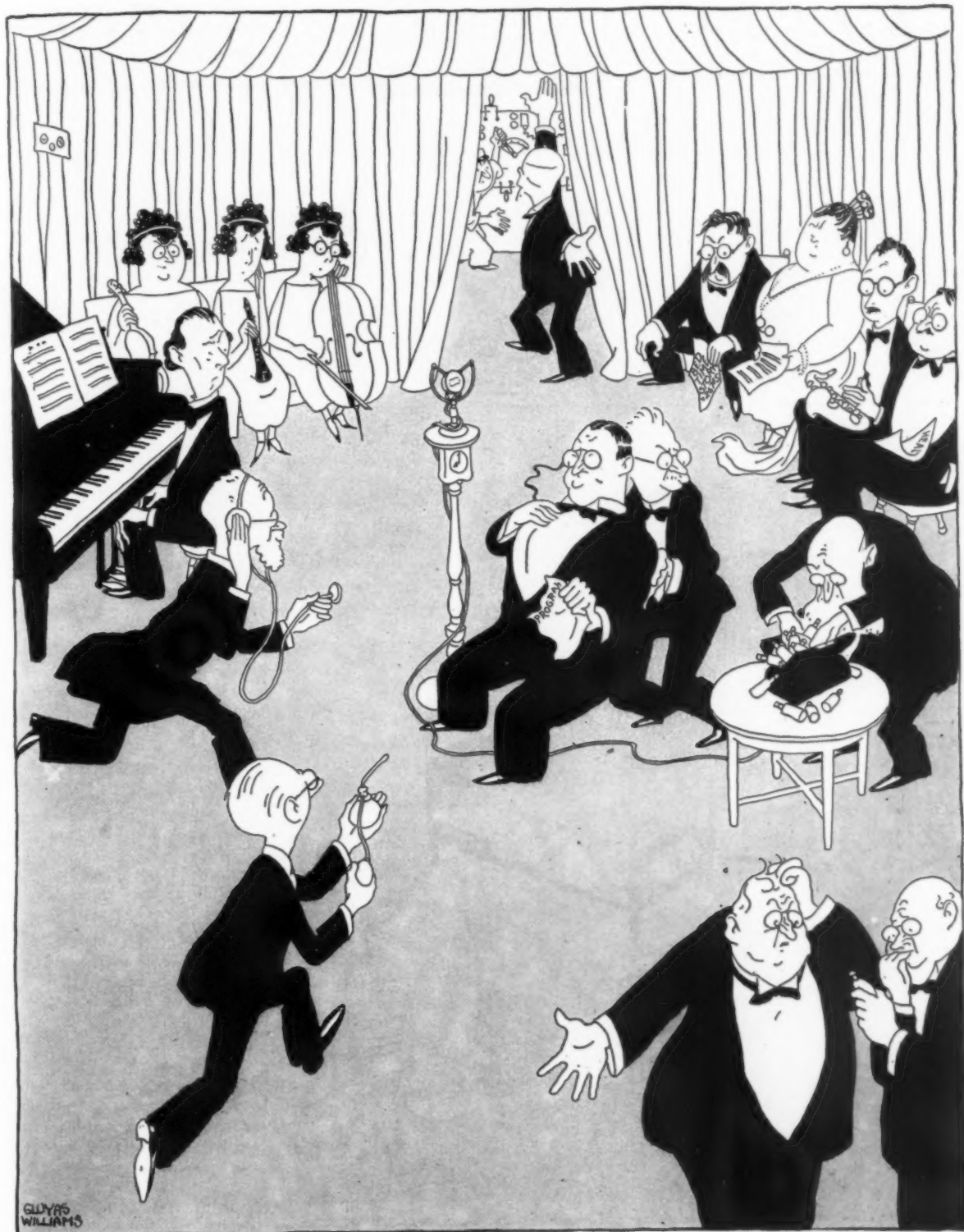
"Why, I didn't know you had a sister."

"She wasn't my sister until last night."



"WHEW! WHAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH OL' MR. BUG?"

"WHY—HE'S JUST RIGGED UP HIS NEW AERIAL AND NOW THAT PESKY BETSY SPIDER HAS GRABBED IT OFF FOR A CLOTHESLINE."



GLYNN
WILLIAMS

AT THE MOMENT OF OPENING THE EVENING'S PROGRAM THE STAR ANNOUNCER SUFFERS AN ATTACK
OF HICCOUGHS



THE Government concedes that its efforts to popularize the silver dollar have failed. A decision reached, we assume, by the flop of the coin.

Judging by those new bone-dry laws, this is the land of the free and the home of people who live in Indiana.

The greatest feat of modern journalism was the writing of twenty or thirty miles of editorials praising England for returning to the gold standard

without betraying the fact that none of the editorial writers understood what it was all about.

It is CAILLAUX's purpose to put France back on a gold basis, and to that end France expects every American tourist to do his duty.

"One baby is born in New York every three minutes," says a newspaper. That must be awfully tiresome for the baby.

Some of our contemporaries seem to think the results of the election in Germany could not have been worse. But, of course, they could. Germany might have gone Democratic.

A Chicago scientist reports he has kept several flatworms alive for three years with practically no food. We suspect the experiment was conducted in a modern kitchenette apartment.

Posters issued by the New York Police Dept. carry this grim warning: "You can't win—15,000 policemen are sworn to 'get' you—alive or DEAD!" This is effective advertising, and might be used to good advantage by the Loyal Order of Reckless Drivers, whose object appears to be the same. Which reminds us that, in the United States last year, 19,000 people were killed (including 5,700 children) and 450,000 injured by automobiles.

Slogans may come and slogans may go, but for the dear old average citizen the greatest significance is still contained in the first three words quoted above: "You Can't Win."

According to Mrs. JOHN D. SHERMAN, president of the Federation of Women's Clubs, the man whose wife feeds him meals from the delicatessen store should get a divorce. Perhaps he should; but what he actually gets is indigestion.

Recent dispatches from Bulgaria indicate that the California realtors have a lot to learn in the matter of getting front-page publicity for their desirable plots.

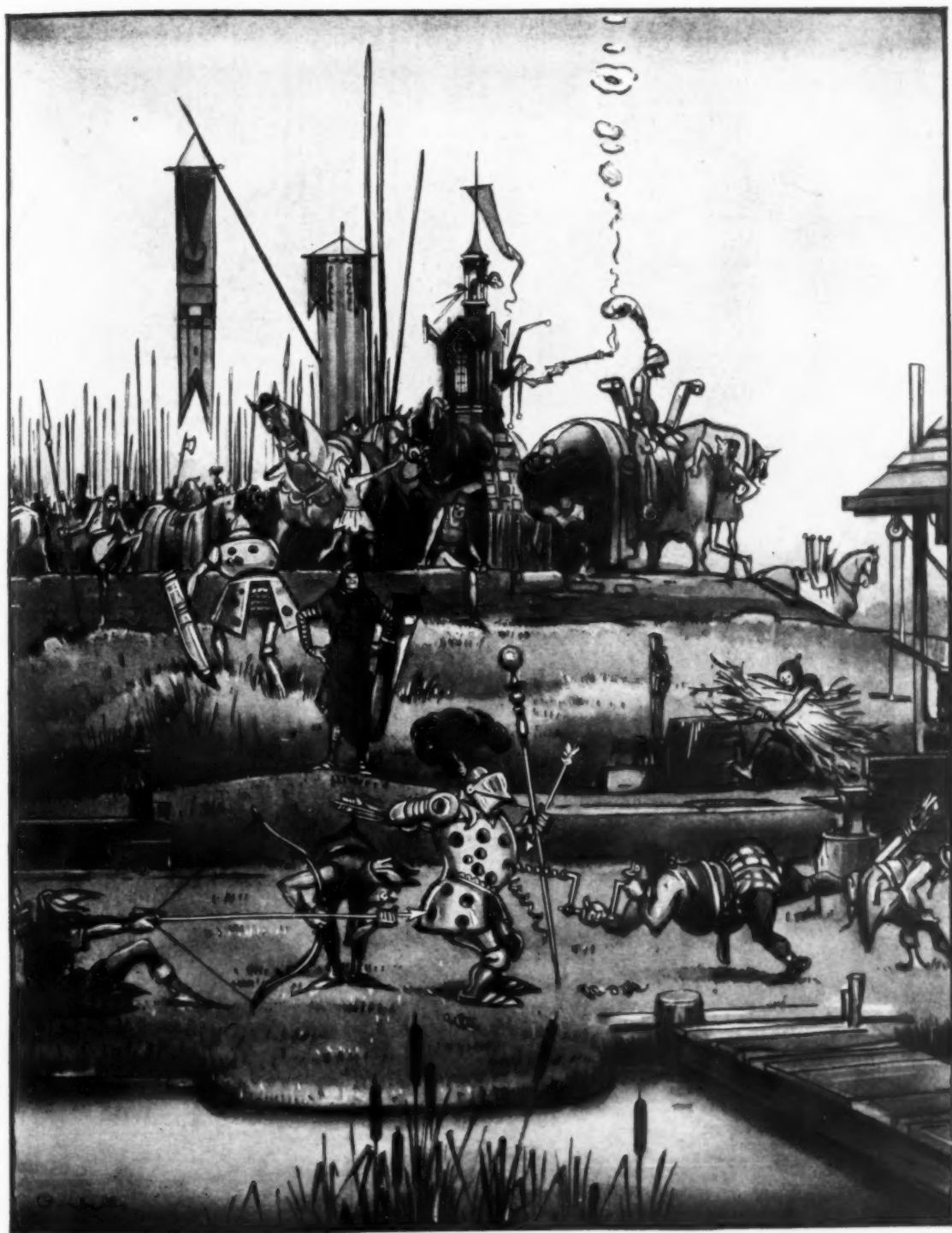
There is no beating the cool heroism of these Hawaiians. We understand that during the recent naval engagements the sign, "Business as usual," was conspicuously posted in the windows of the tourist agencies.

The "capture" of Hawaii by the U. S. Navy should be fittingly observed throughout the country by a National Eat-More-Pineapple Day.

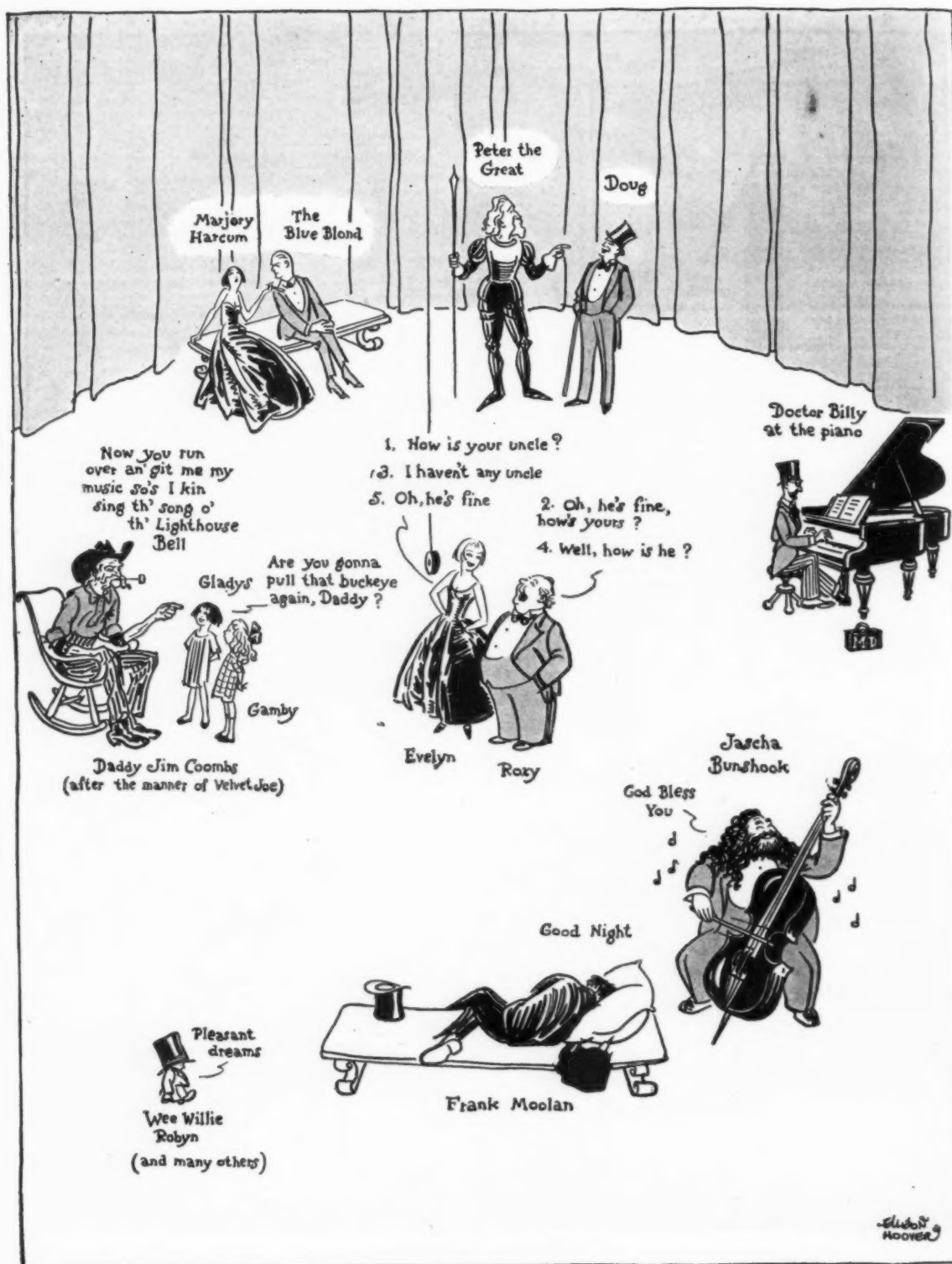


MORNING EXERCISES ON THE RADIO

SETTING UP



IN YE GOODE OLDE DAYES
ATTACKING YE FIRST COOTIE



An Impression of Roxy and His Gang
By One Who Has Never Seen Them

Four Stages of a Radio Fan

WHEN he bought a crystal set—
"Oh, this is plenty good enough.
Nice and clear!"

When he bought a one-tube set—
"Oh, this is plenty good enough. Nice
and loud!"

When he bought a three-tube set—
"Oh, this is plenty good enough. Nice
and clear on the loudspeaker!"

When he bought the finest super-set—
"Darn it, what's the matter with this
thing? I can't get London!"

J. C. E.

Logical Protection

"Is the front door locked?" asked
James (and if you don't know by
this time she is the Little Woman, you
probably never will).

"No," I said.

"Well, then," said James, pleasantly,
"lock it."

"What for?" I inquired.

"Burglars," said James, "sneak
thieves. Ever hear of them?"

"Oh," I said. "And then the bur-
glars or sneak thieves, finding the door
locked, will be foiled. Having sat
down—on the outside of the door, to be
sure—they will cry out their disappoint-
ment and then silently steal away, leav-
ing us unmolested."

"That's the general idea," assented
James.

"And all we shall ever know of their
intentions," I concluded, "will be a few
tell-tale tear blots on the hall tiling."

"Sure," said James. "And now
you've worked it all out, would you
please lock the door?"

"Certainly not," I said.

"Well, for goodness' sake—" began
James.

"James," I said, "you know per-
fectly well that locked doors mean
nothing to burglars. But if we leave
the place unlocked, the burglars will



ON THE FERRYBOAT
THE DENTED FENDER

fancy they've walked into an empty
apartment and depart in peace, without
further investigation or interest."

"That's very logical," cried James.
"Don't, then, lock the door, I beseech
you."

Whereupon I promptly got up and
double-locked it. And put the chain on.
"Not really?" remarked James. "Not
locking the door after that remarkable
exhibition of straight thinking?"

"Straight thinking," I remarked,
slightly bitterly, "however appealing to
a student of Truth, means nothing in
the merry lives of crooks."

Besides, it doesn't do to give in to
James all the time.

Henry William Hancmann.

C'est Ça!

PEGGY: Going abroad this summer?

POLLY: Yes, I think I need a new
French phrase.

The Amateur Critics

"WHAT show're we gonna see next,
Mary?"

"Oh, I dunno. What?"

"The Miracle, huh!"

"What's 'The Miracle' like?"

"Church."

"About church?"

"Yeh, they got the theayter fixed up
like church 'n' everythin'."

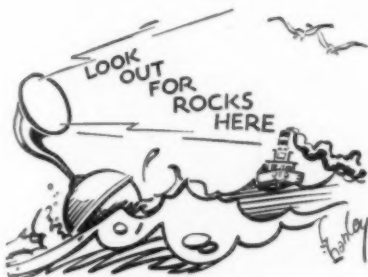
"Aw, gee, Maisie, I wooden' like that
—I don't wanna see nothin' about
church."

"Sure yuh'd like it—the leadin' lady's
a Nun."

"A Nun! Aw, no, I don't wanna see
nothin' like that."

"Sure yuh do—she's a Nun, an' she
falls for a guy."

"Oh, yeah?... Well..." M. R.



THE NEW RADIO BUOY

A HANDY man around the house is
generally around the house.

The Rover and Over Boys

By Corey Ford



VOL. II: Castaways on a Desert Island

"QUICK, Sam!"

"Are you ready, Tom?"

"No, I'm Reddy's brother!" replied the fun-loving Rover merrily.

"Hold tight, everybody," cried Captain Blossom, as the life-boat dashed through the breakers and beached safely on the shore.

"Saved!" cried Dora Stanhope and Nellie and Grace Laning, as they leaped out on the white sand and commenced to gather the pretty seashells.

"We are on a deserted island!" exclaimed Dick.

"Then it isn't deserted," came back Tom like a hawk.

"Here we were sailing along the ocean in a dense fog," sighed Captain Blossom reminiscently, "when what should come but a sudden shock, and the *Dashaway* was wrecked, because that was the boat we were sailing on.

Fortunately we found a life-boat under us, and rowed rapidly across the aforesaid ocean until we reached the present island, where it was but the work of a chapter to beach the said life-boat and sink exhausted on the aforementioned white sand. 'Saved!' cried Dora Stanhope."

"And then what happened?" inquired Nellie breathlessly.

"That's as far as we've gotten," replied the Captain.

"Well, this is prime, I must confess," complained Sam. "I guess our cake is dough."

"Don't cry over spilt milk," said Dick seriously. "We ought to

be glad we were not drowned, as would have been related in 'The Rover Boys Under Water.'"

CHAPTER ELEVEN

UPON investigation it was found that the castaways had thoughtfully brought along from the *Dashaway* some three electric-light bulbs, a vacuum cleaner, several Victrola records, and their ten favorite books, which they had stowed in the bottom of the life-boat.

"I also brought along some odds and ends," added Dora. "We can use the ends to put on the front and back of the middle of something. The odds will come in handy later."

"What are the odds?" asked Dick.

"Two to one," replied Dora; and Dick covered them at once to prevent their spoiling.

"Let us have supper," said Captain Blossom, sitting down and tucking a napkin under his chin.

"But we have nothing to cook," said Nellie.

"Look!" ejaculated Tom; and as he spoke a heavy wave washed up a box packed full of good things to eat, and then receded silently, leaving the articles spread on the beach.

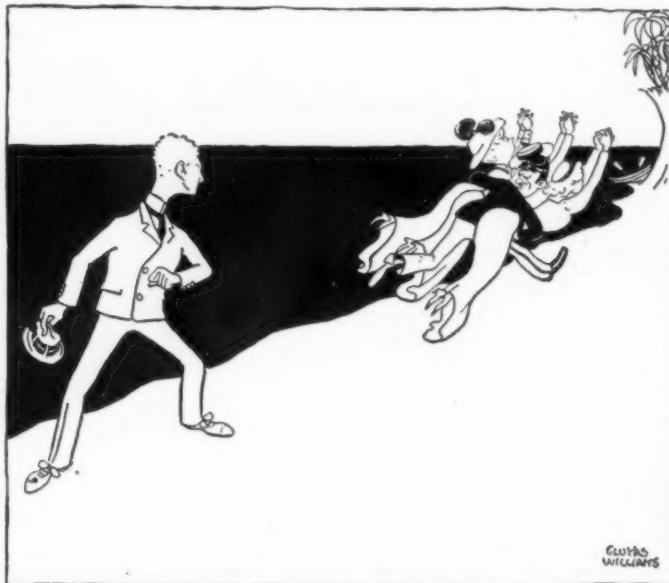
"What luck!" cried Dick. "They must have come from the wreck."

"What shall we eat from, though?" complained Grace. She had no sooner spoken than a second wave carried up a table and a full set of dishes, and rapidly spread places for seven, handing each of the castaways a French menu as it departed down the beach.

"Dat old devil sea," muttered Captain Blossom, as a third wave rolled apologetically up the beach with some butter, which the second wave had apparently forgotten. "She's up to her old devil tricks." And he continued to shake his head and mutter as more waves drifted in after supper and washed the dishes.

When the meal was concluded, the boys hastily constructed a house on the beach out of some bedrooms and staircases and things that had been washed up from the wreck, and soon they had a handsome little bungalow, with attractive ocean frontage and only a ten-minute walk from the station.

"All we need now is the furniture," hinted



"DAN BAXTER!" CRIED DICK. "SO IT IS YOU!"

Dick, as a rapid succession of five small waves advanced up the beach. The first four deposited, respectively, a piano, a garage, a furnace, and an enamel bathtub; then each tipped its hat, stuck a cigar behind its ear, and disappeared down the beach.

"Dat old devil sea," muttered Captain Blossom darkly. "I don't trust it, I don't."

The fifth wave approached up the sand reluctantly, and when it receded it left only a small bottle containing a sheet of white paper. Dick seized the note and scanned it rapidly. "'To the Rover Boys,'" he read, "'from Sears, Roebuck and Company: For items as received, including one enamel bathtub, one furnace——'"

"A bill," ejaculated Sam, "or I'll be bound. Alabama bound," he added.

"Dat old devil sea," shouted Captain Blossom. "She get you in the end, she do!"

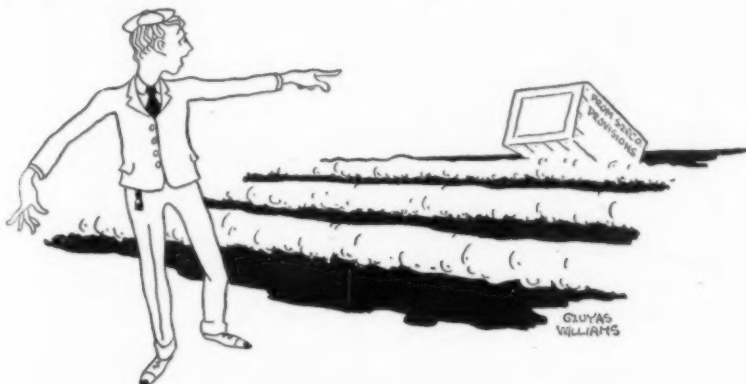
CHAPTER EIGHTY-SIX

WHEN darkness fell the castaways lay before the fire toasting marshmallows and swapping old Rover Boy books before the crackling blaze. "This reminds me of the time we were in Washington," smiled Dick, "as related in 'The Rover Boys Among the Electric Horses.'"

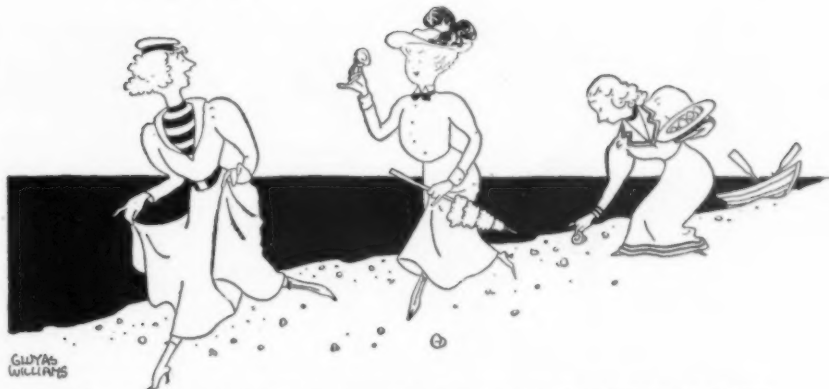
"Do you remember our adventures among the Ottomans," laughed Sam, "or: 'How the Rover Boys Introduced Turkish Baths Into Turkey?'"

"My, you boys must have traveled quite a whole lot," marveled Captain Blossom.

"Nebraska, Canada, California and England, all in the same evening," boasted Tom, "as related in 'The Rover Boys on the Radio.'"



"LOOK!" EJACULATED TOM.



"SAVED!" CRIED DORA STANHOPE, AS THEY LEAPED OUT AND COMMENCED TO GATHER THE PRETTY SEASHELLS.

In the meantime the three girls had been whispering together in a corner, and now they approached the three boys uneasily.



"DAT OLD DEVIL SEA," MUTTERED CAPTAIN BLOSSOM, DARKLY.

"We might as well be frank," said Dora frankly. "We girls have decided to speak to you boys frankly about a little matter."

"What is it, Dora?" asked Dick with a blush.

"Of course, we have never mentioned these matters before in the Rover Boys' Series," continued Dora, "but if we are going to be thrown together so intimately from now on——"

"Go on, Dora," said Dick, hanging his head.

"Well, then, we've got to ask you boys to stay inside and shut your eyes," blurted Dora, "while we girls go down to the ocean to brush our teeth."

"We promise," said Dick; and he and his brothers blindfolded each other and turned their backs blushing. A moment later there was a sharp cry for help, and a scuffling and sound of struggling.

"Hark!" cried Dick, and the Rover Boys all cocked their ears except Sam, who never could cock his ears after he had gotten them frozen that winter in Alaska. "Who is there?" he called.

"They ain't nobody here 'ceptin' us chickens," came the ready answer.

"Then it must have been two other fellows," concluded Dick with a sigh of relief. "But I wonder what is detaining the girls."

"Shall we take off our blindfolds and look?" asked Sam eagerly.

"No, we must keep our word," reminded Dick seriously.

"Let me look," offered Captain Blossom. "I'm a married man."

A moment later the Captain reappeared, greatly agitated. "Come quick!" he shouted. "The girls have disappeared."

"Dan Baxter!" cried Dick, as he spied the bully speeding down the beach
(Continued on page 33)



RED GULCH TUNES IN ON THE BED-TIME STORY

A Grin Fairy Tale

THERE once lived (this was before the War, children) a man who loved his wife. He was, indeed, quite miserable when his Fireside Companion departed for a three weeks' visit to the South while he remained in the city to earn the wherewithal for her trip.

Evening after evening he spent at home counting the days until her return. One night, however, he was invited to a dance, and because he knew that his wife would prefer to have him go, he accepted.

The first person to whom he spoke at the party, a man of reddish countenance, said meaningly: "You lucky dog! Your wife's away, isn't she?"

To which the Husband replied: "She is. But I wish she'd come back home. I miss her." Whereat the man of reddish mien laughed loudly and winked a fat eye, indicating that the Husband's secret was in safe hands.

The next person (it was a woman) suggested: "I know you are having a gay time while your wife is away."

"Why," asked the Husband, "should I be having a gay time? I'm having a bum one, if you really wish to know."

The Young Thing giggled right merrily. "YES, you are," she answered, and

called brightly to a friend across the room, repeating the Husband's amusing quip.

"Theatres, dances and everything, I suppose, now that the Ball and Chain is gone," suggested the next man to whom he spoke.

"No. I am having quite a dull time," replied the Husband. But a changed expression had come into his eyes.

"Ha, ha!" the other laughed.

The Husband sprang suddenly for the speaker and in a second was energetically banging his head on the floor.

"Get this," he hissed between bangs. "I love my wife, no matter how long I've lived with her. I wish she'd come back this minute."

"There, there!" cried the guests soothingly as they pulled the Husband from his victim. "We all know that you are a great wag, but there is such a thing as carrying a joke TOO far."

Tracy Hammond Lewis.



FARMER PERKINS CONVERTS HIS BARN INTO A STATIC FACTORY

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

A JUNK shop near a railroad crossing in New Jersey bears this admonition to motorists: "Go ahead, take a chance. We'll buy your car."



SHE HAS ASKED YOU SO PRETTILY FOR THE TWENTIETH TIME TO BRING HOME A RADIO—SUPER-IODINE OR SOMETHING—THAT YOU HAVE TO GIVE IN, ALTHOUGH YOU LOATHE THE BLAME THINGS.



THEN SHE TELLS YOU THAT'S ONLY THE NAVY WHEN YOU CAN HEAR LAFOLLETTE LEADING THE FIVE-AND-TEN-CENT STORE BAND AT THE BETHLEHEM STEEL WORKS WHILE CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT IS RECITING A RECIPE FOR EGG NOODLES.



SHE MOANS THAT YOU ARE NOT TWISTING THE JIGGERS DELICATELY ENOUGH WHEN YOU HEAR BERNARD SHAW SINGING "RED-HOT MAMMA," COMBINED WITH A LECTURE ON THE FINANCIAL OUTLOOK FOR THE YEAR BY WHITE-MAN'S BAND.



THEN EVEN SHE BEGINS TO SHARE YOUR UTTER LACK OF ENTHUSIASM FOR STATIC AND WONDERS WITH YOU WHETHER 'TWERE NOBLER IN THE MIND TO SUFFER SYRACUSE AND NEWARK OR TO TUNE IN ON A SEA OF JAZZ FROM HAVANA.



YOU GOT ONE KICK OUT OF THE THING BEFORE YOU TORE IT LIMB FROM LIMB BY YELLING, "AH, SHUT UP!" TO THE BISHOP OF ORANGE.



THE CASE MADE A SNAPPY WINDOW BOX, BUT THE LOUD SPEAKER ITSELF WAS ASTONISHINGLY USEFUL FOR THE NEIGHBOR'S SON IN HIS LIGHTER MOMENTS AS THE MONARCH OF THE JUNGLE.

YOU AND YOUR RADIO



MAY 21, 1925

"While there is Life there's Hope"

VOL. 85. 2220

Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
 598 Madison Avenue, New York

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THE papers report a good many interesting things, as that Bishop Lawrence, of Massachusetts, having come to be seventy-five years old, has retired from business; that Ambassador Houghton, speaking very kindly and gracefully at the Pilgrims' dinner in London, has disclosed to Europe that unless her footsteps turn visibly to paths of peace, the tide of money flowing to her from these States is likely to subside; that Dean Inge, lecturing in Baltimore, has discussed democracy and made pungent and amusing observations upon it; and preaching in New York has called to Americans to take hold harder of the duty of saving Europe.

Bishop Lawrence has made a great record in office, and is very much regarded, notwithstanding he has raised more money for various purposes than any other Bishop who ever lived. But Bishop Manning just now is active in the same line and may equal or even surpass his pecuniary record, if indeed the wells continue to flow. To raise money is the favorite religious endeavor of the times. It seems to belong to the present juncture in human affairs. Bishop Lawrence did it mainly to benefit teachers and clergymen. He has been more interested in religion and has had better ideas about it than most of the money raisers, but his biographer will probably record that, though he wrote a best seller, his greatest exploits have been in passing the hat.

Mr. Houghton made a good speech. It was amusing, but not too amusing;

it was serious but not oppressive. He spoke for a government whose policy has been to avoid official commitments with Europe as much as possible. The help from here that has gone to that continent has come from private sources. That American loans will diminish if Europe seems drifting towards war is true enough, but the real question is whether we are doing all we should to check that drift.



AS for Dean Inge, he is amusing about democracy and quite right in suggesting that nations take to it not because they are really crazy about it, but because the few possible alternatives seem on the whole to be worthless. When he suggests that democracy is a phase through which Western Civilization has to pass, that seems true, and when he suspects that it will not be the final phase, the final form, of political evolution, he may be right about that also. We think of the final phase of political evolution as being somewhere near perfect, and who can think of democracy as a perfect institution? Who can think of heaven under democratic management? No one! We are not made that way.

On the whole, says the Dean, it is necessary that we should all realize what very strong emotions at present are working in Europe against democracy. Yes; and Hindenburg has been elected President of Germany! Very strong emotions are working here, not exactly against democracy, for we have no other conception of government, but anent some of the details of

the way democracy is working in our own case.

One could wish that the Dean, as a parson and a man learned even in Scripture, could have given his views as to the relation of the forecasts of the Hebrew prophets to the present activities of the Zionists, and to the prospect that they will revive agriculture in Palestine and restore that country as the central station of the Jewish people, the preferences of large droves of Mohammedan Arabs to the contrary notwithstanding. If the Dean would tell us how he figures on the prophets, and whether, like some of the brethren, he waits for Armageddon, ring-tailed and blue-behinded, within the next twelve years, he would contribute gratefully to the resolution of perplexities.



READERS interested in the enforcement of the Volstead law who read the editorial remarks on that subject in the LIFE dated April 30 are invited to notice that information has been communicated in a humane and courteous manner from the office of the United States District Attorney in New York to this paper, as follows:

Information as to the story quoted about the member of a club who had wine sent to his house after using his club membership to disarm suspicion. No one of Mr. Buckner's young men did that. Mr. Buckner says so.

Information two—that those violators of the rum law who have been dealt with by the padlock system could have had jury trials if they had wanted them, but have not wanted them.

Information three—and quite interesting—that some of the owners of the padlocked restaurants have expressed satisfaction at having the law enforced against high-class concerns which, by breaking the law, had forced law-breaking on others with which they were in competition.

Information four—that the padlock system is no novelty, but is used generally throughout the country and has been used before in New York.

For these disclosures LIFE is grateful, but the subject is dismal. To be between Rum and Volstead is nicely equivalent to being between the Devil and the deep sea. E. S. Martin.



"WAKE UP, NEIGHBOR"



The Lighthouse

Voice (over the radio): —Wondering where
and if you are—all at

LIFE ·



Lighthouse Keeper

Wondering where you are—and how you are—
You are—all alone—too. . . .



A Notable Revival

ON this, the third birthday of "Abie's Irish Rose," it is only fitting that all levity should be dropped and that, in honor of its 1292nd performance in New York, breaking the world's record and the heart of this department, we should discuss the thing seriously from the standpoint of dramatic history. There has been too much fooling about it. It is a serious matter.

Let us consider "Abie's Irish Rose" as it will be considered in English courses two hundred years from now, or by dramatic critics of 2125 when it is revived, with all the old-fashioned costumes and scenery, by some highbrow producing organization devoted to resuscitating Twentieth Century plays.



"ABIE'S IRISH ROSE," probably the outstanding play of the Twentieth Century that we have any record of, was written by Anne Nichols, and first produced in New York (according to the old play-bills) on May 22, 1922, at the old Fulton Theatre. Professor Barnder Methews, in his "Anne Nichols: Her Life and Times," says that the author tried unsuccessfully for many months to sell her play to the obtuse managers of the day, and was finally forced to produce it herself, with the result that she made some three hundred and eleven million dollars (about six million reefs in our modern money) and bought the entire harbor of New York. The play ran for eight consecutive years in New York City and then was subsidized as a permanent exhibit by the city in an outdoor theatre in Central Park, along with the Zoölogical Reservation. It also played in every city in the country, and in towns where there were no theatres it was given in private barns. This should be proof enough that at no time in the history of the theatre up to this point had the spirit and imagination of the people been so stirred as it was by this play. It was, in effect, the beginning of the Second Renaissance.



A BRIEF summary of the plot of "Abie's Irish Rose" will serve to show its delightful reflection of the Twentieth Century spirit in the United States and, even to-day, its wit sparkles with the freshness which will not be denied.

Solomon Levy has a son, Abraham, a typical Twentieth Century boy. The father is afraid that the boy will marry some one not of the Jewish faith. The son has, as the

play opens, just secretly married an Irish girl by the name of *Rosemary Murphy*. He brings her home to meet his father, but, on confronting the old gentleman, loses his nerve and introduces her as his affianced bride, "*Rosie Murpheski*." The old man is naturally very much pleased that his son has chosen a Jewish girl, and plans for the wedding go ahead at a delightful rate. There is, running through the play, a comedy character, a little man named *Isaac Cohen*, who is thought by some commentators to have been a satiric thrust at Chief Justice William H. Taft, a noted jurist of that time.



ON the day of the wedding, the bride's father, *Patrick Murphy*, arrives in company with a Catholic priest, *Father Whalen*, to witness what he thinks is going to be the wedding of his daughter to an Irish boy. The meeting of the two fathers, Jewish and Irish, just as the knot has been tied, is highly comic and flashes with American wit. "You'll be goin' where it's so hot the thermometer won't register," says one irate parent, to which the other replies: "I'll keep it that way for your arrival!"

As a result of the ill-feeling over the deception, the young folks are cut off from their families and go to live for a year by themselves in comparative poverty but great happiness. On Christmas Eve a reconciliation is effected, however, and the Jewish father and the Irish father are brought together on finding out that, not only has there been a baby born to bear an Irish name, but there have been twins, permitting the perpetuation of the Jewish name as well. The curtain falls on Jew and Irish, priest and rabbi, *Abie* and his *Irish Rose*, all very, very happy. Underneath the sparkle of its dialogue, the play carries a lesson for each of us to-day, the lesson of religious tolerance.



TECHNICALLY, the play is a perfect example of Twentieth Century playwrighting. Fast-moving, dynamic, closely knit, it marches to its conclusion with the remorseless inevitability of Greek tragedy. Its periods are well sustained, and the conflicts and peaks skilfully handled. Nichols knew her theatre. She knew her public. She knew her human nature. In "Abie's Irish Rose" she has given the ages a comedy that stands by itself, and the theatre-going public may well thank the Windowpane Players for reviving it.

Robert Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Aloma of the South Seas. *Lyric*—Warm enough for you.

Dancing Mothers. *Maxine Elliott's*—How to bring it home to your daughter that Mother knows best.

Desire Under the Elms. *Earl Carroll*—How the sex problem is handled on a New England farm.

The Dove. *Empire*—Holbrook Blinn and Judith Anderson in Mexican back-talk, much as usual.

The Dunce Boy. *Daly's*—Country-doings, ending in tragedy.

The Gorilla. *Selwyn*—To be reviewed later.

Ladies of the Evening. *Lyceum*—Evangelical play, dealing with the one sheep out of the ninety-and-nine, and what a bum time she had.

Night Hawk. *Bijou*—How the gland treatment made one little girl very, very happy.

Old English. *Ritz*—George Arliss in a deft and vivid characterization.

The Rat. *Colonial*—Paris Apache stuff.

Rosmersholm. *Fifty-Second St.*—To be reviewed later.

Taps. *Broadhurst*—Old-time German military play, with Lionel Barrymore.

They Knew What They Wanted. *Klaw*—A good play in spite of the Pulitzer Prize, and splendid acting by Pauline Lord, Richard Bennett and Glenn Anders.

What Price Glory? *Plymouth*—A war play that is a war play.

White Cargo. *Thirty-Ninth St.*—All about the hot sun and women.

The Wild Duck. *Forty-Eighth St.*—Ibsen's old play which is still much newer than most modern ones, and very well done, too.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Back Slapper. *Hudson*—At least a novel character, if not so much as a play.

The Big Mogul. *Wallack's*—To be reviewed later.

Cæsar and Cleopatra. *Guild*—Helen Hayes and Lionel Atwill in Shaw's own particular version of that little affair.

The Fall Guy. *Eltinge*—Lower-middle New York life down cold, with Ernest Truex giving a heart-breakingly good performance.

The Firebrand. *Morosco*—The active love-life of Benvenuto Cellini.

The Fourflusher. *Apollo*—Just about what you would imagine.

The Guardsman. *Garrick*—Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt making Molnar's comedy of intra-mural suspicion distinctly worth a visit.

The Harem. *Belasco*—With Lenore Ulric gone, there isn't much excuse for keeping this open.

Is Zat So? *Chanin's*—Prizefighting talk which sets a laugh record—with now and then a couple of good tears.

Love for Love. *Greenwich Village*—A revival of some Seventeenth Century fun by Congreve, the Avery Hopwood of his day.

Mrs. Partridge Presents. *Belmont*—Blanche Bates as the mother who wanted to give her children free rein.

O Nightingale. *Astor*—A very nice little play about the equally nice little girl who came to New York to go on the stage.

Pigs. *Little*—Billed extensively as a "clean" play, but don't let that keep you away.

The Poor Nut. *Henry Miller's*—To be reviewed later.

Ruint. *Provincetown*—What happens when you kiss a mountaineer's daughter.

The Show-Off. *Playhouse*—One of the plays which should be seen, if for no other reason than to be up with the times.

White Collars. *Cort*—Applied economics in a pretty amusing form.

Mercenary Mary. *Longacre*—To be reviewed next week.

The Mikado. *Forty-Fourth St.*—A heart-warming revival.

Music Box Revue. *Music Box*—Fannie Brice and lots of others in a first-class show.

My Girl. *Vanderbilt*—Good staple.

Princess Ida. *Shubert*—A Gilbert and Sullivan opera which should have been revived long ago.

Puzzles of 1925. *Fulton*—Elsie Janis, with Jimmy Hussey, in your money's worth of entertainment.

Rose-Marie. *Imperial*—Still with the leaders.

The School Maid. *Ambassador*—To be reviewed later.

Sky High. *Winter Garden*—Good dancing, old jokes, and Willie Howard.

The Student Prince. *Fifty-Ninth St.*—A singing-feast.

Tell Me More. *Gaiety*—To be reviewed next week.

Ziegfeld Follies. *New Amsterdam*—W. C. Fields, Will Rogers and Ray Dooley in the funniest Follies for years.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Artists and Models. *Casino*—Oh, very well, go if you want to.

China Rose. *Knickerbocker*—Not a headache in a barrel of it.

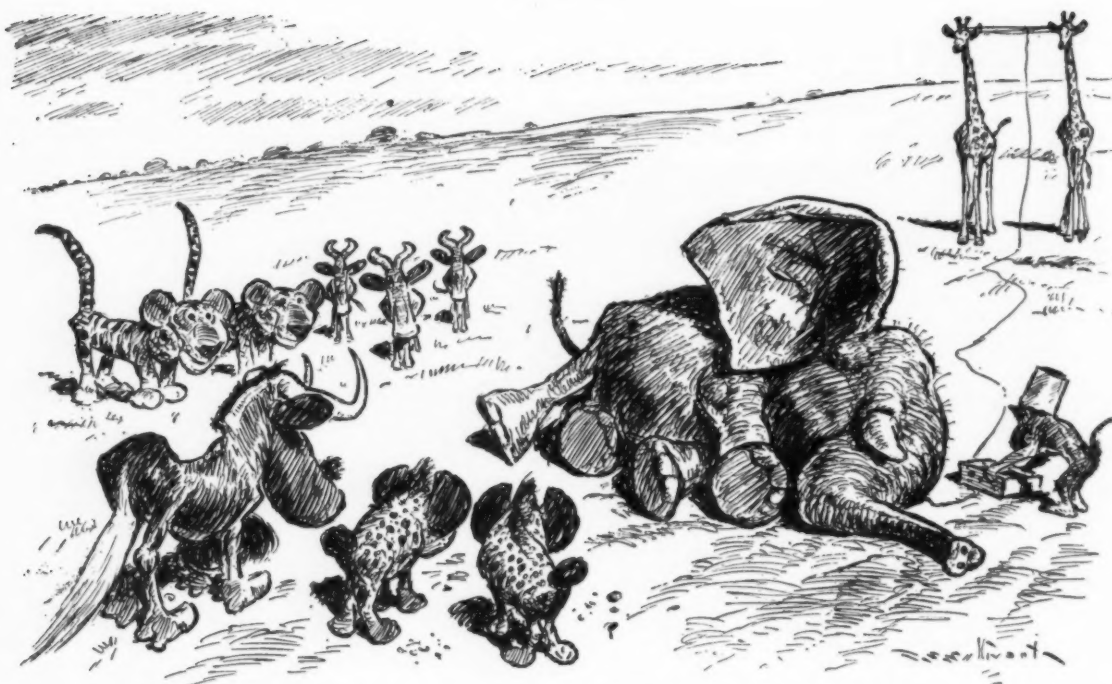
Lady, Be Good! *Liberty*—The Astaires and Walter Catlett in just about as good as you will find.

Louie the 14th. *Cosmopolitan*—An elegant thing to look at, with Leon Errol for the laughs.

The Love Song. *Century*—Real music.



ELLIOTT NUGENT IN "THE POOR NUT"



LACKING A LOUDSPEAKER, THE JUNGLE RADIO CLUB PERSUADES THE ELEPHANT TO LEND AN EAR

Ignorance an Asset

"EDUCATION is a wonderful thing," observed the philosophical golfer.

"Oh, I don't know," scoffed the caddy. "I make more than any kid on the links and I can only count to seventy-five!"

TRAVEL by air seems assured. Now let us see if we can do something about travel by road.



"NOBODY GIVES NO MORE!"
"DAMMA DA RADIO!"

Mrs. Pep's Diary

May
14th

The time of year has come when we must suffer for our folly in moving to a neighborhood not entirely developed, for the windows are all open and Lord! the infants in the tenement stretch behind us do set up their wailings at dawn and continue throughout the day, every one of them sounding like Ray Dooley at her worst. Moreover, the riveting on the structures going up about us has set me dreaming of a lodge in some vast wilderness, an idea which has had no appeal soever for me heretofore. Nor was it any comfort after telling my woes to Irma Dutton, come in early to see me, to learn that her new apartment is so quiet that when she swallows it sounds like the shot heard round the world, and so dark that when she emerges into the light of day she feels the lack of blinkers. We did fall a-talking of many things, trying to fathom why people climb mountains or go camping or belong to reptile societies, but with ill success. Irma did ask me for as many back copies of *Punch* as I could spare, explaining that she would subscribe to it herself were it not so difficult to get the wrapper off.

May
15th

A note by the first post bidding us to a very informal party, which means that, do we go, we shall wear our most gorgeous raiment, forasmuch as the "very informal" was underscored on the invitation for last Sunday night's function, and Sam and I, finding everybody elaborately apparelled, felt as if we had just stepped off Ellis Island...Marge Boothby in early, all

(Continued on page 35)

Tell It to the Trouble Man

R. M. THREEDLE—Should the stator and rotor coils of a variometer be connected in series or in parallel?

Answer—East and west traffic only for thirty seconds at the flash of the green signal; north and south traffic only for one hundred and twenty seconds at the drop of the green hat. Does not stop at Prout's Neck on Decoration Day.

* * *

Harassed—I am having no end of trouble with my wife's hook-up. What would you suggest?

Answer—Your wife probably has one of the old-fashioned kind that hooks up the back. Why not scrap it, or trade it in for a newer model? For

further information see our fashion page.

* * *

Old Bachelor—I am looking for a little radio with long, golden coils. Can you be of any assistance? P. S.—I am not a distance hound.

Answer—This is out of our department entirely. Better try the Macfadden publications.

* * *

Scientific—How do you filter out the hum in a B battery eliminator?

Answer—Push it under a five-ton truck.

* * *

Eloise Snack—What is a cohera and what is its relation to radio?

Answer—A cohera is something like

a zebra with the stripes on the bias. It does not make a very good pet for a small apartment as it lives chiefly upon ground glass, which gets into the rugs something terrible. It is distantly related to radio on the maternal or southeast side through Roxy and the Duke of Dorset.

* * *

Puzzled—What station is it that constantly goes "Wheeng-wheeng—tock-tock-tock—geegle-geegle," particularly around three o'clock in the morning?

Answer—Flatbush Avenue.

* * *

Arpad H. Münstergerünster—I have a friend who has a five-tube radio set he built himself. The other evening he

(Continued on page 29)



THE GAY NINETIES

A HEROINE WHOSE VALOR WENT UNSUNG—THE FACE-POWDER PIONEER—IN THE DAYS WHEN A SHINY NOSE MEANT A RESPECTABLE WOMAN.



THE RELIGIOUS REVIVAL

Where the Western Begins

WHERE does the Western begin?

Out where the bunk's a little stronger;
Where right is righter and wrong is wronger;
Out where the hokum lingers longer—
That's where the Western begins.

Out in the great wide open lots,
Where no one shrinks from close-up shots;
Where men are men and children tots;

Out where a horse is a he-man's pal—
A curious chum for an an-i-mal!—
And the ranch is run by the old man's gal—
That's where the Western begins.

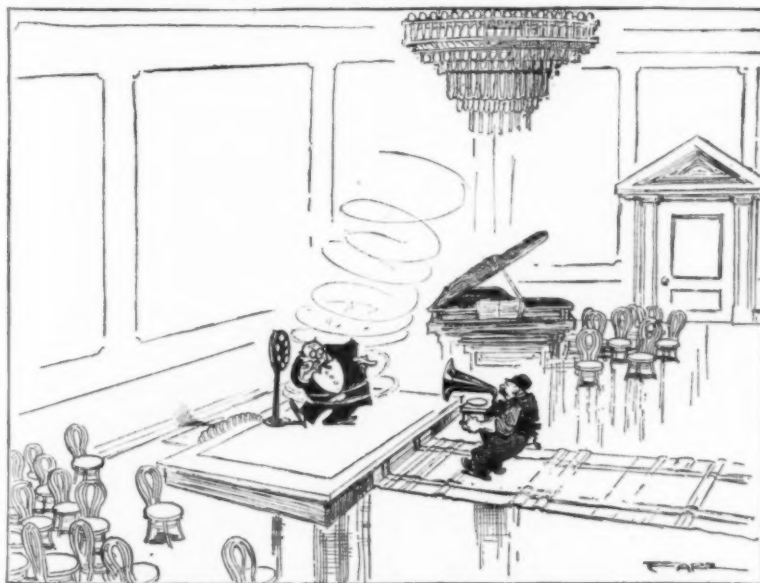
Out where a cowboy's kept aloof
Unless he mounts his horse from the roof—
He drops with a thud, and the horse says, "Oof!"—
That's where the Western begins.

Out where emotions surge and spill,
But keep within range of the camera still;
Out where the sheriff shoots to thrill;

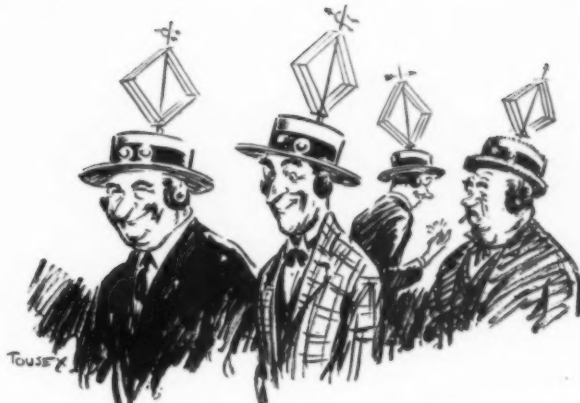
Out where mush plays a double-header;
Out where red blood's a little bit redder,
And the sense of humor a whole lot deader—
That's where the Western begins.

Thomas Pye.

EDITH: What's the object of your new society?
"Don't know yet. We haven't picked out a slogan."



Broadcaster (on night the talent fails him): WELL, FOLKS, WE'VE GOT A MARVELOUS ASSEMBLAGE OF ARTISTS HERE AT THE STUDIO TO-NIGHT—YES—YES—UM-HA-HA—STAND BY, EVERYBODY! THE STARS ARE ALL CLAMORING TO AMUSE YOU—FIRST, WE'LL HAVE A BAL-BLAA-A-LET'ER GO. (*Sotto voce.*) QUICK, TAD, TURN ON THAT MCCORMACK RECORD.



ADVANCE TIP ON SUMMER STYLES: THE RADIO HAT FOR LISTENERS-IN.

Lessons for the Little Woman

The Automobile

THIS jig-ger is the e-mer-gen-cy brake. When you are sure the oth-er dri-ver will give you the right-of-way, yank it hard, a-ny-way. This ped-al is the foot brake. Al-ways step on it when you feel you sim-ply must go fast-er.

There are four brakes, but there is on-ly one ped-al. Per-haps it is fun-ny that there is not a ped-al for each brake, but man-u-fac-tur-ers have their own i-de-as a-bout things. The oth-er ped-al is the clutch. You must push it down to shift gears. I know you can shift gears with-out push-ing down on it when the mo-tor is not run-ning, but it is best not to when it is go-ing. Oth-er-wise there may be a nas-ty tear-ing noise.

The man in blue is a po-lice-man. When he puts his hand up you must stop. His hand is up now. No, not that. The oth-er pedal, con-found it! I know I spoke harsh-ly, dear, but it is better to speak harsh-ly to you than the judge. Now, you may start a-gain.

I was not yel-ling to get you all con-fused. I was yel-ling at the care-less man who just knock-ed him-self down with our au-to-mo-bile. If you will pull to the curb, we will give him our names and ad-dress. No; I do not ex-pect him to call, but his law-yer may. Thank hea-vens we are in-sur-ed. To-mor-row you shall have your les-son from a chauff-feur. I shall ar-range to be too bus-y to give it my-self.

James Kevin McGuinness.

Mashie Needed

JILLS: How did the policeman al-low the burglar to escape?

WILLS: He used to be a golfer, and didn't know which club to use.



THE SILENT DRAMA



"My Son"

IF President Coolidge is really serious in his campaign for thrift, he should do something to prevent the flagrant waste of Nazimova's fine talent. Nazimova is one of the great figures of the contemporary theatre, and during the past five years she has consecrated herself to the creation of artificial rôles in trivial movies. With an occasional exception, such as her own production of Oscar Wilde's "Salomé," she has established as bad a record as any star in Hollywood.

"My Son" represents an appreciable lift above her usual form; it at least gives Nazimova a chance for the display of her own authentic emotion. Nevertheless, as pictures go, it is not so much. It relies on false sentiment rather than on legitimate drama.

Jack Pickford, under the spell of Nazimova's influence, is much better than usual.

Two War Relics

THE famous struggle for democracy receives some belated publicity in two recent pictures—"Recompense" and "The Crowded Hour."

In "Recompense," the war comes in at the start—and in "The Crowded Hour" at the finish; and the only interest in either picture is provided by the scenes of strife. If the two were lumped together, with the first half of "Recompense" glued to the second half of "The Crowded Hour," a pretty fair story would result. Nor would there be any appreciable break in the continuity, for the heroine in each instance is a rather jazzy young lady, who, by one of those characteristic pranks of Fate, meets her lover somewhere near the front line in France.

The war scenes in "Recompense" are much more realistic than those in "The Crowded Hour," and Marie Prevost's performance is vastly better than Bebe

Daniels's. Otherwise, there's not much to choose.

"His Supreme Moment"

JESSE LASKY recently announced from Olympus (Calif.) that the day of the sex drama is done. Nevertheless, a picture called "His Supreme Moment" seems to be cashing in well at the box office.

Here is flaming passion at the height of its caloric intensity. Turn Ronald Colman and Blanche Sweet loose in a tropical wilderness, and picture the results for yourself. Mr. Colman and Miss Sweet are both extremely good, and they appear to be intelligent. If so, they couldn't have believed any moment of this story, including the supreme one (whatever it was).

"Chickie"

THIS seems to be a terribly bad week for your correspondent. All the pictures reviewed herewith are obvious financial knockouts, and none, with the possible exception of "My

Son," appealed to me as anything above the average level of shop-worn stuff.

"Chickie" was apparently made by men who think of their audience as a dull-witted mass of squareheads, bo-hunks and Lizzies. It is the story of a sweet little stenographer who gets into fast company and then into trouble. She wears costly gowns, goes canoeing, brings disgrace into her humble home and finally marries—all for no reason whatsoever.

Dorothy Mackaill in the title rôle is beautiful and good.

"Proud Flesh"

THE far from gentle art of wisecracking seems to be flourishing, just at present, in the Metro-Goldwyn studios. The actors there are being schooled in the vaudeville technique; they persistently "feed" each other lines which are converted, by the sub-title writers, into nifties and wows.

"Proud Flesh" is saturated with spoken gags, and what might have been an extremely pleasant picture is thus converted into a screen version of "The 100 Best Traveling Salesmen Yarns."

Some of these sub-titles are really funny, but I confess that I am prejudiced against them on principle. As Mack said to Moran, "I wouldn't like it even if it was good."

ALL panning and no praise makes this a dull page. I know that, and I should be delighted to improve the tone of my reviews if the movie producers would only offer a little co-operation. They seem to be unwilling to help, however—and so, in self-defense, I shall ultimately be forced to take radical action. One of these days I intend to turn sweet and praise everything.

R. E. Sherwood.

(Recent Developments will be found on page 29)



DOROTHY MACKAILL IN "CHICKIE"



Take a Kodak with you

Autographic Kodaks \$6.50 up

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y., *The Kodak City*



Majority

Down in certain parts of Florida they marry young. A youthful giant was heard to be accosted by a friend:

"'Spect ye're purty glad ye goin' t' be twenty-one, Jake, so ye kin vote?"

"Don't keer so much about the votin'," replied the young chap, "but I'm durn glad about it so's I kin teach my oldest boy t' call me 'Dad.' So fur, I hain't had the nerve t' make him call me anythin' but 'Jake.'"—*American Legion Weekly*.

The Added Burden

NELSON: The poor we have with us always.

RILEY: Yes, and aren't their flivvers a nuisance?—*Kansas City Star*.

A VISITOR TO NEW YORK: I beg pardon, but could you direct me to a church not involved in any squabble?

—*New York Sun*.



THE RETORT COURTEOUS

"YUS, I SEZ TO 'IM, 'YOU'RE A DIRTY, LOW-DOWN PIG, SIR,' I SEZ."
"WOT? DID YOU CALL 'IM 'SIR'?"
"WELL, CIVILITY COSTS NUFFIN', DO IT?"

—*Fraser, in The Tatler (London)*.

Eternity and Impermanence

("Exquisite Jewelry in Tomb of Utica Salome, but Only 'Outline in Dust Remains of Dancer.'"—*Cable to the Times from Utica, Tunis*.)

Helen's lips are drifting dust;
Cleopatra's heart is stilled;
Far below the earth her crust
Sleep the girls who thrilled.

Stay the deathless diadems;
Live the sempiternal pearls;
Perish not the flashing gems
Worn by mortal girls.

Dures the diamond through the years;
Time the pearl cannot defile.
Take them, take them for my dear's
Evanescent smile.

—*F. P. A., in New York World*.

In Other Words

PASTOR: An' de wicked shall be whirled into uttah darkness, foreber mo'.

DEACON BROWN (*responsively*).
Whirled widout end! Praise de Lawd!

—*Boston Transcript*.

FIRST outgrowth of New York's padlock campaign: The non-refillable cabaret.
—*Detroit News*.

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office, \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.60 a year; to Canada, 80 cents. Back numbers cannot be supplied.

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The foreign trade supplied from LIFE's London Office, Rolls House, Breams Buildings, London, E. C., Canadian distributor, The American News Company, Ltd., 386-388 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada.

No contributions will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. LIFE does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited contributions.

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MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
NEW YORK

Special Accessories for
Best Man and
Ushers

We have just issued a colored map
of part of New York City
which will be sent to anyone mentioning
LIFE

BOSTON PLAZA BUILDING
LITTLE BUILDING TREMONT COR. BOYLSTON
PALM BEACH PLAZA BUILDING
COUNTY ROAD
NEWPORT AUDRAIN BUILDING
220 BELLEVUE AVENUE



Rakish and distinctive is this new Milano. Smart, what?—It's No. 1780.

The Sweetest Pipe In The World

The style of your pipe deserves as much attention as the cut of your suit—and Milano Pipes are designed in the smartest styles ever expressed in briar.

Milano briar, incidentally, is a century old; color and grain are superbly beautiful. *No pipe, regardless of price, is made of better briar.*

Milano comes in 26 exclusive styles, smooth finish, \$3.50 up; cool-smoking Rustic models, \$4.00 up. All are *Insured* for your protection. Look for the White Triangle on the stem.

WM. DEMUTH & CO.

World's Largest Manufacturers of Fine Pipes
230 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

MILANO

The Insured Pipe

"It's a W.D.C."



THE SILENT DRAMA

Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 26.)

Mme. Sans-Gêne. Gloria Swanson came back from France with a husband and this picture. The husband seems like an awfully decent sort of chap.

Grass. The finest production of its kind since "Nanook of the North."

The Heart of a Siren. Just about what you'd expect—with Barbara La Marr and Conway Tearle.

Quo Vadis. Brutality in the days of Roman decadence, including a remarkable impersonation of Nero by Emil Jannings.

The Last Laugh. Jannings again, and in a picture that will be remembered long after the more sensational current films are, happily, forgotten.

The Charmer. Not Pola Negri's best.

Smouldering Fires. Pauline Frederick does fine work in a study of modern business.

The Way of a Girl. Run, do not walk, to the nearest exit.

A Kiss in the Dark. Good light comedy, involving Adolphe Menjou.

Charley's Aunt. The old stuff with a few new trimmings tacked on by Sydney Chaplin.

Sackcloth and Scarlet. Alice Terry in an unbelievably bad story.

Percy. A few good laughs supplied by Charles Ray and Charles Murray.

Man and Maid. Just to prove that this really is a story, the producers show you a close-up of Mme. Glyn in the act of writing it.

R. E. S.

Tell It to the Trouble Man

(Continued from page 23)

claims he tuned in to sixty-seven stations, clearly receiving jazz bands, opera singers, weather reports, bedtime stories, inspirational messages, prize-fights, Major E. M. Fish, movie forecasts, three distress signals and a tennis match. What do you think?

Answer—That's a whole lot of noise.

* * *

Benny Coconut—I have a naturally cultivated pleasant baritone speaking voice. How would you go about being a radio announcer?

Answer—A. Isn't that just jimdandy! B. In an armored car.

* * *

L. S. Cheep—I have an eight-tube, regenerative super-heterodyne high-frequency, amplifying, reproducing radio set with indoor and outdoor, submersive, non-corrosive loop, vacuum gap lightning arrester, vernier rheostat, inductance switches, A and B batteries, loud speaker, medium-loud speaker and Calvin Coolidge. It also makes its own ice and is equipped throughout with crêpe rubber soles. Can you think of anything else I ought to have?

Answer—Why don't you get a radio set?

H. W. H.

W

Wrigley's is as beneficial as it is pleasant and lasting.

R

Regular use of it will aid the teeth, appetite and digestion.

I

It cleanses the teeth, removing food particles that cause decay.

G

Good gum is good for you—doctors and dentists affirm this.

L

Let the children have Wrigley's for lasting pleasure and benefit.

E

Eat wisely, chew your food well and use Wrigley's after every meal.

Y

You will note a marked improvement in your health and spirits.

'S

Smiles come easier, breath is sweeter, the world is brighter with Wrigley's

F 31

"after every meal"—the flavor lasts!





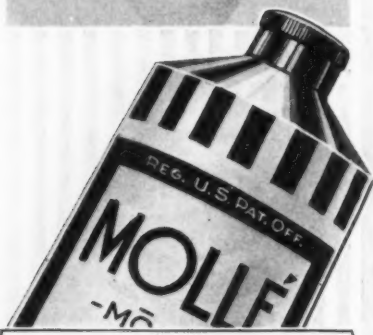
**For Shaving
Without
Brush or Lather**

Just Try Mollé

Learn how simple and easy it is to use—how quickly and thoroly it softens the beard—how smoothly the razor removes the stubble without the slightest burn or smart of the skin, and how delightfully fine and comfortable the face feels without the usual after-treatment with lotions or talcum.

Simply spread fragrant MOLLÉ over the dampened beard, then shave—that's all!

**A Whale of a Tube for
50 cents
at your Druggist**



Generous Trial Tube Free

Name _____

Address _____

Mail to Pryde-Wynn Co., New Brighton, Pa.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Precision

An actor was once slated by a manager, his employer, when he put the responsibility for a hitch upon the absence of the prompter.

"I pay you to know your part," thundered the manager.

It seemed a good opportunity, and the mummer pointed out that the great man did *not* pay him—there had been no ghost-walk for weeks.

"Well, then," retorted the manager with dignity, "I *owe* you to know your part!"—*Bulletin* (Sydney).

Tablespoonful Abbott's Bitters, in sweetened water, after meals, is great aid to digestion. Sample Bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Balt., Md.

Lavender and Rose

Rose came down the stairs looking particularly ravishing in a lavender batiste dress and lavender hat, and the girl who sat across the table opened fire.

"All dressed up in lavender! Wait until Mr. Smith sees you in that!"

"Yes, just wait," was the lightly tossed-off answer. "And he likes lavender, too."

"So that's the reason you wear it?"

"Oh, no!" replied Rose sweetly. "That's the reason he likes it!"

—*New York Sun*.

So There!

From the Stringtown correspondent of the Conway (Ark.) *Log Cabin Democrat*:

"Hearing a great commotion in West Stringtown last night we called up our central source of information and discovered that Mrs. Roy Day and Lee Fulmer were being serenaded. 'But why?' we asked. 'They have just jumped over the broomstick,' our informant replied. After being in my company all day Wednesday, you never breathed a word of this to me, Gertrude. How could you treat me so? I am sure I do not want Lee Fulmer, even if I were free to win him if I could."

—*Arkansas Gazette*.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Revived

After a winter spent in the warmth of the kitchen, the parrot had been restored to the bosom of his family in the dining-room. He showed only a scant interest in the first meal he was called upon to witness, until the bell was rung for the second course, and then his eye lightened intelligently. "Aw," he croaked balefully, "let 'em ring again!"

—*London Morning Post*.

EXUBERANT NIECE (motoring): Go on, Uncle—let her rip! Dash it all, you can only die once!

PRUDENT UNCLE: I know, my dear. But I can be fined any number of times.

—*London Opinion*.

WE divided the prize in our faint praise contest among all those who have ever said: "I've seen worse movies than that."—*Yale Record*.

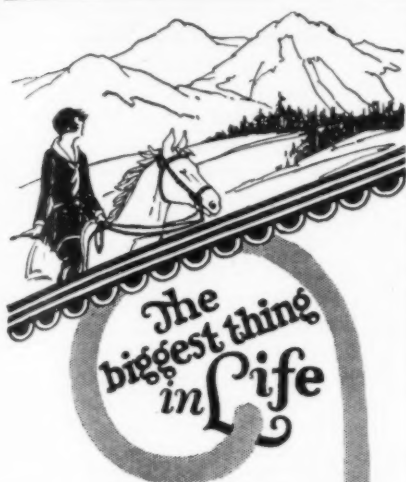


IN 3 DAYS THREE CENTURIES AWAY

Head north this summer. Up by the St. Lawrence, is a Normandy country side—500 miles of it. Road-signs are in French, with English translation beneath.... Instead of bill-boards, wayside shrines. Instead of factories, walled monasteries. Instead of Main Streets, French-Canadian peasant cottages.... Yes, in 3 days you can be 3 centuries away. Little to remind you of modernity—except a wonderful road, and the gas stations....

Then, one afternoon, a great baronial castle will loom in the sky. There await Parisian menus, New York dance music. This is it—Chateau Frontenac. Stay awhile. Browse among things ancient. Buy homespuns.... Plan now for America's motor adventure—and reserve early. Canadian Pacific, 344 Madison Avenue at 44th Street, New York; 71 East Jackson Blvd., Chicago; or Chateau Frontenac, Quebec, Canada.

**CHATEAU
FRONTENAC**
BIENVENUE A QUEBEC



Your Vacation

As you rest and fit yourself for your work, so will your work progress and success attend you.

That's why your vacation is most important.

And that's why the Rock Island's big "three vacations in one" should interest you this season.

When you see the Colorado Rockies, with their majestic peaks and rugged canyons—Yellowstone Park, with its marvelous natural wonders—the Pacific Coast, with the marks of its romantic past and practical present—each in turn will seem the biggest thing in your life.

Colorado Yellowstone California

Three vacations in one!
Low round trip fare!

The Rock Island is the route of the ROCKY MOUNTAIN LIMITED and COLORADO FLYER to the Colorado Rockies; the Colorado way to Yellowstone Park; and route of the GOLDEN STATE LIMITED and MEMPHIS-CALIFORNIAN to California. Rock Island passengers enjoy the widest choice of routes—go one way—return another. Stop-overs anywhere—and meals, "the best on wheels."

Rock Island Travel Bureaus in all principal cities at your service. The coupon below may be for you the biggest thing in this copy of "Life"

Mail
this
Coupon.

Rock
Island

Mr. L. M. ALLEN, V. P. and P. T. M.
Rock Island Lines, 758 La Salle St. Station, Chicago
Please mail me, without charge, your publication on—
☐ California ☐ Colorado ☐ Yellowstone
(Check the book or books you desire)

Signature

Address

Among the New Books

Fiction

Old Wine. By Phyllis Bottome (Doran). A richly woven tapestry of contemporary Vienna, peopled by some interesting members of a dying aristocracy.

Alan. By E. F. Benson (Doran). A story for all women with selfish husbands. Also for the husbands.

The George and the Crown. By Sheila Kaye-Smith (Dutton). Not another "Joanna Godden," but more characteristic passion and struggle amongst the English countryside primitives.

High Noon. By Crosbie Garstin (Stokes). Adventure stuff plus, 'way back in the Eighteenth Century.

The Chase. By Mollie Panter-Downes (Putnam). The second remarkable novel by a girl who is only seventeen years old.

Married Alive. By Ralph Straus (Holt). Wherein a Cambridge professor famed for his declamations against women and love lives to eat his words.

Obedience. By Michael Sadleir (Houghton Mifflin). English family life in the days of our dear Queen.

Before the Dawn. By Toyohiko Kagawa (Doran). A Japanese best-seller translated for the American trade. And showing how wrong our ideas of Japanese life and character have been.

Face Cards. By Carolyn Wells (Putnam). **Burned Evidence.** By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow (Putnam). Mystery, murder, etc.

Mockbeggar. By Laurence W. Meynell (Appleton). One of those talky, sophisticated English novels, by no means half-bad.

Caravan. By John Galsworthy (Scribner). Marvelous short stories.

The Mother's Recompense. By Edith Wharton (Appleton). Rumor says it's her best since "The House of Mirth." To be reviewed later.

Non-Fiction

Mere Mortals. By C. MacLaurin (Doran). The author of "Post-Mortem" tells from a medical viewpoint how a few more famous people got that way.

Is It Good English? By John O'London (Putnam). The finer points of grammar on parade.

Table-Talk of G. B. S. (Harper). Conversations on things in general between Bernard Shaw and Archibald Henderson, his biographer.

The Lost Oases. By A. M. Hasanein (Century). A book of travel based on a six months' trip across the Libyan Desert.

Rest and Grow Strong. By Edward Huntington Williams and Ernest Bryant Hoag (Bobbs-Merrill). Under this appealing title, more good news about the glands.

The Man Nobody Knows. By Bruce Barton (Bobbs-Merrill). The author's discovery of Jesus.

Everyman's Genius. By Mary Austin (Bobbs-Merrill). Telling where to look for and how to make the most of the genius which the author is certain everybody has.

Who's Who in the Bible. By E. Fletcher Allen (Putnam). In case you've forgotten most of what you learned in Sunday School.

What'll You Have? By Oliver Herford and Karl Schmidt (Holt). A sentimental farce of the times. To be reviewed later. B. L.

10-Day Tube FREE

Mail the Coupon



This new way works wonders on cloudy teeth

Modern science, by perfecting a new way of combating the stubborn film that covers teeth, now opens the road to whiter teeth, safely.

THAT cloudy teeth, yellowish, discolored teeth can be made whiter is now an accepted fact. Foremost dentists of the world are widely urging this new method. You can have cleaner, prettier teeth if you will start today.

This is accomplished by combating a viscous film that covers teeth. A stubborn, hard to remove film that old type dentifrices do not fight successfully.

Run your tongue across your teeth and you can feel this film. Under it are the clear, attractive teeth you envy in others. Combat it, and your teeth become many shades whiter—more glistening. This offers you a 10-day test free. Mail the coupon.

The great enemy of teeth

Film is the great enemy of teeth beauty. And a chief cause, according to world's dental authorities, of most tooth troubles. It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. Germs by the millions breed in it. They, with tartar, are the common cause of pyorrhea. It holds food in contact with teeth, inviting the acid that causes decay.

You can't have prettier, whiter teeth; you can't have healthier teeth unless you combat that film.

Ask your druggist or mail the coupon for Pepsodent. Don't expect the same results from old type dentifrices. Begin beautifying your teeth today.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF.
REG. U.S.
The New-Day Quality Dentifrice
Endorsed by
World's Dental Authority

FREE—Mail this for 10-Day Tube

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 572, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Send to:

Name.....

Address.....

Only one tube to a family. 1767A

"YOU ought to try Dunhills, Bob—they're only a Quarter for Twenty. The steward says the whole club's smoking them now!"



"Why not Smoke the Finest?"



25¢
for
Twenty

The only belt with the Patented Comfort Feature, which combines absolute comfort, perfect trousers support, and prevents curling and binding at the sides.

BRAXTON
THE BELT FOR MEN

Handsome Jewelry Buckles. Many beautiful leathers and finishes. At all the best dealers.

The Perkins-Campbell Co.
New York Cincinnati Chicago

WHAT YOUR MIRROR WILL SHOW



A wonderfully pure soft skin, of velvety texture, free from blemishes—a beauty unsurpassed. White, flesh, rachel.

Send 10c. for Trial Size
F. T. Hopkins & Son
New York 11

GOURAUDS
ORIENTAL CREAM

A Child-Labor Garden of Verses

Bed in Winter

IN winter, I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light;
And then I shiver on my way
To make the plant by break of day.

Young Night-Thought

All night long and every night,
When my mama puts out the light,
I see the foreman standing by,
As plain as day, before my eye.

Good and Bad Children

Children, we are very little,
And our bones are very brittle;
We must sit up, to grow stately,—
We've been slumping somewhat, lately.

Time to Speed Up

The boss, who has a yellow bill,
Came behind me, fast and still,
Cocked his prying eye and said:
"Ain't you 'shamed, you sleepy-head?"

Happy Thought

The mill is so foul with a number of things—
I'm sure we should run when the noon whistle sings.
E. J. K.

Even the Last Man

A CATAclysmic whisk from a comet's tail had stricken all the humans on the earth save one.

On Fifth Avenue only a wrecked taxi here and there, its meter stilled forever, told of stark destruction, for the lethal blast had come in the small dark hours of the morning.

All was deadly still. Not even a cobweb with its busy spinner barred a door or subway entrance. The sky was clear of smoke and dust and steam.

The world's sole heir promenaded, clad in the best from a thousand haberdasheries, shaved to the blood, swinging a slender cane. He passed a plate-glass window and turned his head to see himself pass by. Smart chap that—good chin—well set up—made for that frock coat, tall silk hat and cane. He smirked a bit and the glass returned the smirk. Realizing suddenly, he blushed and hurried on, eyes fixed straight ahead. Farther along he cautiously looked 'round. He sighed in relief. No one had seen.

F. J. C.

Zion

"THE first Jewish university in history," according to the papers, has been established near Jerusalem. But you can't tell that to a man who was graduated from Harvard a dozen years ago.



Sure Way to Get Rid of Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

LIQUID ARVON

The Rover and Over Boys

(Continued from page 13)

with the three girls under his arm. "So it is you!"

"I'll tell the cock-eyed world it is," sneered Dan Baxter, disappearing in a cloud of dust and leaving the Rover Boys in the lurch.

CHAPTER SEVENTY-NINE

"WHERE are we?" cried Dick.

"In the lurch!" replied Tom, striking a match.

"Dan Baxter left us here at the conclusion of the previous chapter," explained Sam, as they surveyed the walls of the lurch, which were as slippery as glass.

"How are we going to get out?" queried Tom presently.

"That will all be related in the next volume of the Rover Boys' Series," reassured Dick seriously. "In that volume we shall learn how Dan Baxter carried out his foul plot, and what befell our young heroes in the Hidden Temple of Rubies, to be entitled: 'The Rover Boys Among the Jay-Walkers; or, How Tom Won the Broad-Jump.'"

And here let us say Good-by.

GOOD-BY.

For Tough Beards or

Tender Skins

YOU will find relief and comfort in a jar of Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream. It rapidly softens the toughest beard and prevents shaving irritation. Its exclusive properties soothe and cool the skin and heal troublesome little cuts. It leaves your skin soft, cool, invigorated and refreshed.

Thousands of men have told us that it makes shaving a pleasure—no longer a job to be dreaded.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send 50c. for the blue jar that contains six months of shaving comfort. Or send 2c. stamp for sample.

Frederick F. Ingram Co.

Established 1885

738 Tenth St.,
Detroit, Mich.

Also Windsor, Canada

Made particularly
for tender skins



Whitney PLAYMORE

TRADE MARK



Life's Suprising Moment!

To make a long tale short—PLAYMORE has no tails! A stunning sport shirt, worn with its elastic belt of pure wool over the trouser top—it won't ride up or stick to you. And it looks as good as it feels. The better stores are now showing the PLAYMORE in a variety of materials, including oxfords, broadcloths, and flannels, with belt of contrasting color or pure white.

Let us send you illustrated folder

WACHUSETT SHIRT CO.

Dept. L, Leominster, Mass.

Nautical Glossary

Ocean Liner—Any old tub which, if placed on end, would make the Woolworth Building look silly.

Cabin Boat—A liner without the gilt and English accent. Passengers of a cabin boat are just one great, big, jolly family.

Steam Yacht—What a thirty-foot cruiser is to a press agent. Owned only by millionaires and rum runners.

Motorboat—A gasoline mule entirely surrounded by profanity and spare parts. Has from one to six cylinders, all usually missing. Always equipped with a pair of stout oars.

Sailboat—Canvas and wood so arranged as to look well while impatiently waiting for a breath of wind.

Rowboat—A guide to muscles you never knew you had. The backbone of the fishing fleet.

Canoe—The most fickle female of the nautical species. Goes backward and forward and rolls over with equal facility. Especially liked on moonlight nights.

J. C. E.

Bungalow Camps in The Canadian Pacific Rockies

DON'T take a dressed-up, polite holiday—you've been dressed up all year. Get out—get up—get well—get young!

Here you are, on top of the world! Air that has snow in it, and the scent of spruce trees—new air—a tingle, a challenge, an appetite! Mountains with glaciers, and lakes below them blue as two blue skies. Horses. Guides. Something to do every minute, and the pep to do it with. People you like—Trail Riders of the Rockies—you can be one, too.

Nine Bungalow Camps in the Canadian Pacific Rockies to choose from. Prices moderate. Each specializing on something. Find out which is yours! When? Today.

Ask the Canadian Pacific Agent

In writing for rates, mention B. C. 9

Canadian Pacific

Hotel Dept. Windsor Station, Montreal



What a whale of a difference
just a few cents make

Never Gnu Anything

THE funniest thing in the zoo
Is the little horned horse called the
gnu;

For although he is born
With a practical horn,
There ain't a blame thing he can do.
E. C. R.

TRAVEL COMFORT

Stops and prevents the nausea of
Sea, Train and Car Sickness. You
can travel anywhere in any con-
veyance in comfort through its use.

75c. & \$1.50 at Drug Stores
or direct on receipt of Price
The Mothersill Remedy Co., New York



Why I Like LIFE

(A Schoolgirl's Essay on a Subject
Dear to Our Hearts)

I LIKE life because I don't want to
die. I like LIFE because it lessens my
chances of dying of a sour old age. If
one reads LIFE every month they will
live for a life-time and never get old.
If any one does not know what LIFE
is, it is this, a good little magazine just
full of fun and good jokes from cover
to cover.

Some say, a good laugh or two daily
and you never grow old. I am only
fourteen, but I don't intend to get much
older in some ways. By the time I am
fifty, I hope I can laugh as well as I
can now. I don't say I don't like other
magazines, because I do, immensely;
but LIFE is as good as the rest, if not
better, with its stories, jokes and adver-
tisements. If you want to live a long,
happy life, why get LIFE. B. S.

Fairy Story

ONCE upon a time there was a
baseball player who had grown up
with the game. He dreaded the day
when he should have to retire as he
had nothing saved for his old age.
Then, one day, at a critical period in
the game, he knocked the ball over the
fence. When he took inventory of the
prizes he had received for his homer,
he found he had:

Six pairs of shoes.

Four gold watches.

Three leather trunks.

Two complete suits.

An assorted lot of hats, caps, shirts,
ties, etc.

With this stock he started a haberdashery store and lived happily ever after.

DX

THE man who compares fishing for
radio stations with whipping a stream
for trout overlooks one important
point of difference: an angler for
radio stations never can claim that the
big ones get away.

*A signal of trouble —
tender and bleeding gums*



Forhan's
FOR
THE
GUMS

AS the soil nour-
ishes the tree-
roots the gums nourish
the teeth. And as the
tree decays if you bare
the tree-roots, so do
the teeth decay if the
gums shrink down from
the tooth-base.

This condition is com-
mon. It is known as
Pyorrhea. Four out of
five people who are
over forty suffer from it.
Ordinary tooth-pastes
will not prevent it.

Forhan's Preparation
does prevent it if used
in time and used con-
sistently. So Forhan's
protects the tooth at
the tooth-base which is
unprotected by enamel.

On top of this For-
han's preserves gums
in their pink, normal,
vital condition. Use it
daily and their firmed
tissue-structure will
vigorously support the
teeth. They will not
loosen. Neither will
the mouth premature-
ly flatten through re-
ceding gums. Further,
your gums will nei-
ther tender-up nor
bleed.

Gums and teeth
alike will be sounder,
and your teeth will
be scientifically pol-
ished, too.

If gum-shrinkage
has already set in,
start using Forhan's
and consult a den-
tist immediately for
special treatment.

In 35c and 60c
tubes at all druggists
in the United States.

Formula of
E. J. Forhan, D.D.S.
FORHAN CO.
New York
Forhan's, Ltd.
Montreal

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 22)

a-flutter because she has gained three pounds since taking up the latest reducing system day before yesterday, and talking wildly about setting the District Attorney on a man who will take two hundred dollars in advance and let such a thing happen to her, but I did finally get her calm, and out of the notion of casting herself into the river. Lydia Loomis did join us for luncheon, and we fell a-reminiscing on our days at boarding-school, Lyd bringing up the first time I ever sent a telegram, when, assuming that every message must contain ten words, I had added "cucumber" irrelevantly to my nine-word statement, and sent my family into serious concern for my sanity.

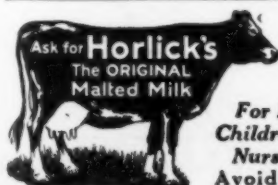
May
16th

This being my birthday, awake betimes and at the post, "looking for loot," as Samuel put it. And he, poor wretch, did pretend till an unseemly hour that he had no present for me save the flowers on my breakfast tray, but I took it in such good part that he got no pleasure for his cruelty and finally did produce the gold bead bag on which I had long since set my heart....To the Winston wedding in the afternoon, all very resplendent and lovely, and I was minded again that I never fail, when the clergyman reaches the injunction for anybody who knows any good cause why these two should not be joined together to speak now or forever after hold his peace, to look about in pleasant expectancy....This night did the Bannings hold a great rout in my honor, with such fine dance music that all stayed till dawn, and a tenant on the first floor summoned a policeman.

Baird Leonard.

A SWEDE from Minneapolis, just returned from his first visit to New York, on being asked what he thought of the city, replied: "New York would be a good town if it were not so damn far from any place."

MAJOR'S CEMENT



Safe Milk

For Infants,
Children, Invalids,
Nursing Mothers
Avoid Imitations



Where is the man with the hod?

When you pass the next tall building under construction, watch the hoist run by an electric motor.



Motors made by the General Electric Company will carry men and materials over the ocean, or to the top of the tallest building. They will do your washing, your sweeping and your sewing. Almost every day, a new use is found for them.

Compare the work, and the wages earned by the skilled man who runs the hoist, with the old-fashioned painful methods, and the dollar daily wage.

Each generation provides better work for men to do.

GENERAL ELECTRIC



The Philosopher utters *The Magic Phrase*,
SUBSCRIBE TO LIFE

For the Student—Relaxation—a laugh on every page. Try it.

Special Offer

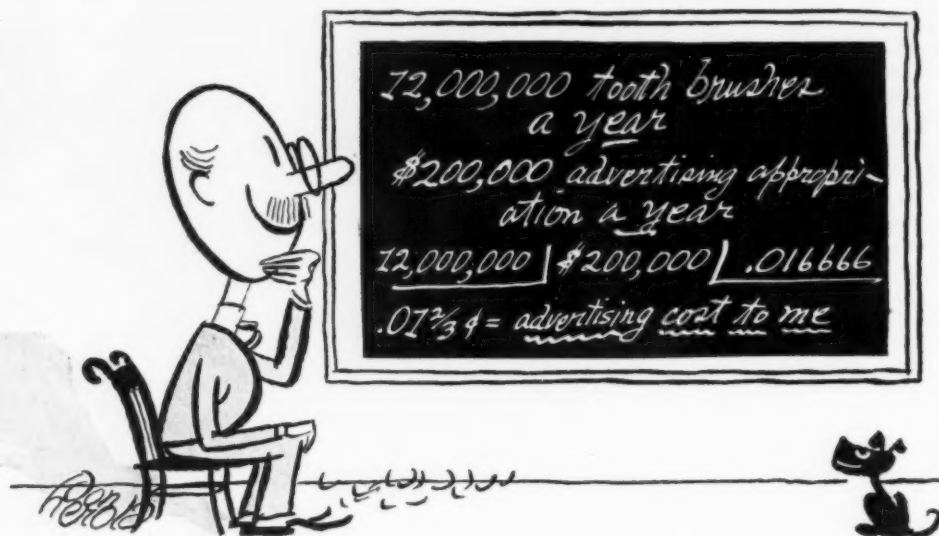
Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.20, Foreign \$1.40). Send LIFE for the next ten weeks to

"Open Sesame"
is out of date

LIFE, 598 Madison Ave., New York (X1)

One Year \$5.00
Canadian \$5.80
Foreign \$6.60

LIFE DONATES THIS SERIES IN BEHALF OF BETTER MERCHANDISE



I FIGURE IT'S OUTRAGEOUS!

THE other day I asked a druggist for a PENETRATO toothbrush which comes in a box of its own and retails for 35 cents.

He tried to sell me a just-as-good toothbrush out of a basket for 25 cents.

"There's no use paying that extra 10 cents—it's just for advertising," he said.

Well, I never make a big deal like that without going to the bottom of it.

I investigated and found the PENETRATO Co. sells 12,000,000

toothbrushes a year. Their advertising appropriation is \$200,000 a year—or $1\frac{2}{3}$ cents per brush. Where did that druggist get that 10-cent stuff?

I asked him point-blank, and he confessed he makes more profit on the 25-cent brushes because he buys them dirt cheap. He admitted that PENETRATO brushes are cleaner, better, more scientifically shaped, and more reliable. A brush in a box is worth two in a basket.

Before I left he said he was going to be a better boy and quit wasting his time on just-as-good goods.

Andy Consumer

THE NATIONAL ADVERTISER BETS HIS
ADVERTISING MONEY THAT HIS PRODUCT IS RIGHT



News

about the performance of the first 3,000,000 Michelin Comfort Balloons

Now it has been definitely proved that the man who is not using balloon tires is wasting money, comfort and convenience.

During the past year and a half over 3,000,000 Michelin Comfort Balloons have gone into service throughout the world. They have proved they last longer, add thousands of miles to the life of the car, keep the car silent, and give a wonderful degree of riding comfort

that makes a new experience of motoring.

You can change to Michelin Comfort Balloons without extra expense. They cost no more than ordinary tires, no alteration in rims or wheels is needed, and you can change to them one at a time as your old tires wear out (ask your dealer how to do this).

See your Michelin Dealer now about changing to the leading balloon tires—Michelin Comfort Balloons.

Michelin Tire Co., Milltown, N. J.

MICHELIN

Use Colgate's— It removes causes of tooth decay



The Safe Way to Protect Your Beauty and Health

GOOD TEETH are as necessary to good looks as pretty eyes and a lovely complexion. And good teeth are more necessary to good health than they are to beauty.

Today dental science, through preventive dentistry, is trying to save teeth from decay—to prevent infections that may destroy your health and happiness. Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is closely allied with this move for better teeth and better health.

Free—generous trial tube

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 459
581 Fifth Ave., New York City

Please send me, free, a trial tube of Ribbon Dental Cream.

Name

Address

(This offer good only in U. S. A.)



"Washes"—does not scour
Colgate's is a preventive dentifrice—safe, effective, and pleasant to use because of its delightful taste. It removes causes of tooth decay by the gentle "washing" action of its non-gritty chalk and tasteless soap. These are the two ingredients that authorities say are most important in a dentifrice.

Of course there are no curative claims for Colgate's. No tooth paste or powder can cure. That is a dentist's function. Colgate's keeps your teeth clean, and cleanliness is the best preventive measure known.

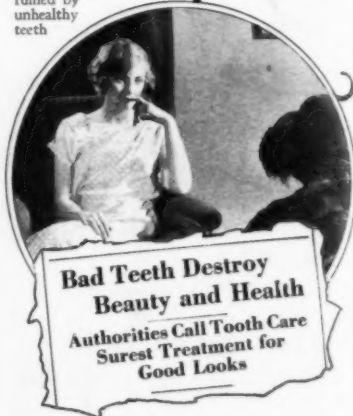
Colgate's is free from grit and harsh drugs. It is sensibly made, sensibly advertised and sold at a sensible price—25c for the large tube, at your favorite store.

COLGATE & CO.
Established 1806

Truth in Advertising Implies Honesty in Manufacture

Prevent this

Good looks
ruined by
unhealthy
teeth



MANY diseases that bring premature old age are traceable to teeth. Dreaded rheumatism, heart disease and other infirmities that ruin health and beauty can be directly caused by tooth infections.

One great newspaper says editorially:

"Thousands are killed every year by their own teeth, and millions suffer rheumatism and other troubles, including kidney trouble, because diseased teeth poison the blood. Get the best brush, the right cleaning substance, keep your teeth clean scientifically and you'll live longer."

Prevention of tooth decay is vital to health and beauty. Cleanliness is the most effective method.

John Sayre Marshall, in his work on "Mouth Hygiene," says, "Cleanliness of the mouth and teeth is the greatest of all prophylactic measures which can be instituted against dental decay."

Conditions can be greatly improved.

Give yourself a chance!

Preventive dentistry is sweeping the United States. Here is a church clinic where children are given a chance to escape disease.

